MARGRET HOWTH.
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THE GREAT ORIGINAL NOVEL. ☞ See next Page.

VOL. 5 NO. 119

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,
APRIL 5,
1862.

Little Johnny Bull.—I WANT THAT YANKEE BOY'S SHIP! I WILL HAVE IT, AND I DONT CARE ABOUT MINE, BOO HOO! BOO HOO!"

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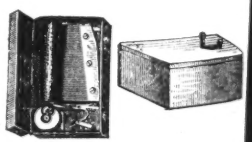

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THE SHECESH.

WE all know that from time immemorial — say from the days of Mrs. JOB—the female portion of the human race has had a propensity to Rail,—a propensity, we are sorry to say, *en passant*, now shared in by the village Solons at Albany to the eternal detriment of our beloved Broadway. SHAKESPEARE illustrates this point felicitously in his merry comedy "The Tanning of the Shoe," and as for modern instances, our Celtic friend O'TITIAN says that the "Rale thing" can be found in almost every well-regulated household.

The debilitating effects of this propensity upon the male portion of the human race are well-known. Indigestion is among the first of these. All manner of intestinal vicissitudes follow. Then, his mind distracted, his gastric juice a mockery, the unhappy victim either lies down passively at the feet of the tormentor, or plunges into a vortex of dissipation and comes home in a defiant state of drunk every night.

This combative quality in Woman is necessarily heightened in time of War. And this, to come to the point, is the reason why the soldiers of our invading army have our sincerest sympathy. For the females of Secessia, like our own army wagons, display any quantity of Tongue. At every point the Hardee defenders of the Union are assailed with this powerful weapon. Commander RODGERS reporting to Flag-officer DUPONT the capture of St. AUGUSTINE, says: "There is much violent and pestilent feeling among the women. They seem to mistake treason for courage, and have a theatrical desire to figure as heroines." In this spirit these cantankerous creatures stole forth in the night, armed to the teeth with bodkins and scissors, and hacked away at the flag-staff in front of the barracks until they brought it down; whereupon they returned home satisfied, probably, in their own minds, that no Stars and Stripes could ever be raised in that town. From Gen. BANKS's column we have items of a similar nature; and if you want to know how they act in Nashville, just read this extract from the letter of a correspondent there:

"*I have seen full-grown girls stick out their tongues at passing soldiers.* I have seen women dressed in the height of fashion, deliberately wheel about on the sidewalks, when happening to meet troops marching through the city, and keep their backs turned until they had moved past. On one occasion I even saw an infuriated matron lift up a young boy in her arms and tell him to spit at the 'Yankees' and hurrah for JEFFERSON DAVIS."

It must be evident, we think, to the mind of the most obtuse idiot that this sort of thing won't do. The obstreperous fair must cease to obstrep. This is a military necessity. For the dreamy-eyed daughter of the South who would "stick out her tongue at passing soldiers" would certainly stick at nothing that might aid the rebel cause. And this same tongue, too, is what we have most to fear. It threatens to demoralize the best part of our army. Gab has proved a better defense than gabions before now. The soldier who charges, without a thought of fear, up to the very cannon's mouth, falls, a shrinking and subjected creature before the mouth of scolding woman. Are we in a position to ignore these facts? Can we afford to have our brave defenders talked into fits, or driven by well-directed volleys of vituperation to drunkenness, suicide, or the perusal of the New York *Tribune*. Not any. And although it isn't a pleasant thing to say to "lovely woman" it is certainly time that we told these rebel Madams to "hold their jaw."

Should this polite request not be complied with the punishment to be inflicted readily suggests itself, and in a short time no General's library would be complete without the following code:

CRIME.	AGE OF OFFENDER	PENALTY.
Vituperation in the 1st Degree,	16—20	To wear large-figured calico for six months, and to be deprived of her Photograph Album.
" " " "	35—45	To go without "shopping" for 1 year and to be perfectly silent two hours per day. If unmarried, to mind her own business for 6 months under the heaviest penalties.
Vituperation in the 2d Degree.	16—20	To have but one "gentleman acquaintance" at a time.
" " " "	35—45	To wear her "last year's things."
Assault and Flattery.	16—25	To be deprived of a female confidante for 3 months.
Assault with intent to scratch.	40—50	To wear her own teeth. If unmarried, to give her correct age, and prove her statement by the Family Record.
Assault with intent to pull hair.	35—50	To be deprived of tea for 5 years.
Assault with intent to generally demolish.	35—50	To be deprived of the company of the other sex for 14 days.

Some of the penalties enumerated above may be considered unnecessarily severe, but we think they are warranted by the exigencies of the times. Enforced, they would, without a doubt, put an end to the aggressions to which the Union troops are now everywhere subject. We hereby call the attention of the War Department to the matter, and leave to the able hands of Secretary STANTON the furtherance of our scheme.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MATTER.

In a communication to the *Times*, headed "A New Atrocity in our Public Schools," a person signing himself "SUBSCRIBER" complains of "a new kink or fungus that has appeared in Grammar School No. 50. The scholars are learning a new mode of pronunciation." He goes on to write:—

My little girl, on asking for butter now, wishing me to pass it, pronounces it as if spelt *pars*. I instinctively say, "Butter is a common noun, third person, singular number," &c. *Class* is now *clars*. Next, *cat* is *cart*, and I suppose I burn *gars* instead of *gas*.

Really, this is too horrible. We demand particulars concerning the sanity of the gentleman who says that his little girl pronounces butter "as if spelt *pars*." If he is all right, of course the Grammar School teachers are a monstrous set of idiots—four horse power.

B-u-t-but t-e-r-ter—"Pars!" Throat of a stickleback! what means this astonishing business?

Does B-r-e-a-d spell wax or knitting-needles?

Does S-u-g-a-r spell buttons or crimped hair?

Daes C-a-k-e spell porcelain vases or fare five cents to Central Park?

We demand the entire facts in this extraordinary case.

The great rebellion is but a drop in the bucket of importance compared with this "startling-if-true" affair.

Blood! blood! Who dares pollute our noble tongue? Show us the perpetrator, or the falsifier—confront us with the little girl, and by.....ha! ha! We will! It shall be! Ha! ha! Hands off! Ha! ha! Revenge! Ha! ha!

Hard.

The battle of Winchester has earned for the Rebel Gen. JACKSON the soubriquet of Stone Wall JACKSON. He certainly leads an army of Stone Fencibles, and we have no doubt that if called upon for an explanation of his masterly defeat, he would, in the favorite dialect of the South, state that the fault lay wholly in "DE FENCE."

AN ARDUOUS POST.

Rummy Man.—"OFF WID ME, IS IT?—AND ME A GOVERNMENT CONTHRACTOR ENGAGED IN HIS LAYGAL CALLIN' OF THRANSPORTIN' THE MAILS!"

Mighty Throes.

We hear occasionally of the mighty throes of the rebels, through the columns of the Secession papers, but we'll back Gen. SHIELDS against them all, as we were lately informed by the New York *Herald* that:—

Gen. SHIELDS went in hot pursuit of the Rebels, and threw a bridge over a river. He then threw his whole army across, and then threw out his pickets for two miles.

If these are not mighty throws we should like to know it.

A Striking Contrast.

The Quebec correspondent of a Western paper, speaking in a descriptive mood about Lord MONCK, the newly imported Governor of Canada, says—"His Excellency is a very pleasant looking gentleman, and does not shave."

In the latter respect, at least, His Excellency offers a marked contrast to His Excellency's ministers, the "shaves" continually effected by whom in Railway and other matters make the swindles of our virtuous Legislators hereabouts appear "beautifully less," by comparison.

"Taking Time by the Forelock."

The blockading force at Beaufort, N. C., we are told, has been doubled since the escape of the *Nashville*. The Secretary of the Navy, it appears, is extremely disgusted with the career of that vessel, and is determined that she shall never go into Beaufort again. This may seem harsh, at first, but then this Rebellion must be put down.

Advantage of a Classical Education.

Almost any man can go Home; but he only who is acquainted with Greek can go HOMER.

WHAT HAS COME OVER THE "PERSONALS?"

The public must have noticed that within a fortnight or so there has been a sudden decrease in the number of the *Herald's* "Personals," and that what few do appear in the accustomed column of that sheet seem to have innocent aims and laudable purposes. A child may be required for adoption, or JOHN may be requested to meet HENRY at 11 o'clock, but one seldom sees anything that could pique an unwarrantable curiosity, as has been the case heretofore. The *Herald* used to be proud of its "Personals," but pride necessarily has an occasional fall. It is a puzzle to most folks to know what has befallen the authors of these once strange, mysterious advertisements. Was old BENNETT waited upon by a committee of Prudent Paterfamiliases who demanded that the morals and manners of their sons and daughters should no longer be jeopardized by these fascinating snares to entrap the foolish, the innocent, the reckless-minded? Did they threaten the old sinner with legal retribution if he hesitated to refuse all unseemly advertisements of this nature?

We are anxious to know what ever caused the Editor and Proprietor to discontinue such a paying feature as the "Personal" column. Perhaps Superintendent KENNEDY had a little to say in the matter—if so why cannot the public have the interesting particulars?

But that is not all. What will become of the J. B. 11. 0. ○○○, A. MARIA. VIOLET and SEA SERPENT, and others who contributed to the P. C. in its palmy days? How is the cool calculating blackleg now to bring about a meeting with his intended victim? How are the filthy fortune-tellers of the Bowery to act in concert with their pals, steerers and trappers?

Verily, in shutting down on the "Personals" the *Herald* has smashed quite a number of nimble fingers.

A Case of Self-Respect.

The rumor that JOE PENTLAND, dreariest of circus clowns, has been elected a Member of Congress, proves to be without foundation. He declined even being nominated, after reading the debate on the Tax Bill in the House last Tuesday. There are dismal depths to which even Mr. PENTLAND cannot descend.

THE ABOLITION DEAD MARCH.

Not a few of the Abolition papers are in the habit of referring to "JOHN BROWN'S soul" as the guiding star of this war, and they frequently express their great satisfaction that this soul "is marching on." They do not tell us *whither* the martyr's soul is marching, nor how much time must elapse before it reaches its destination. A journey commenced so long ago must now be near its end, though we were not aware that it was undertaken in connection with the present War. We know that JOHN BROWN in the flesh was of the progressive school, and it does not surprise us to learn that his soul has become a shooting star travelling through space; and if a blunderbuss was indispensable to his success at Harper's Ferry, it is reasonable to suppose that he could not cross the Styx without a Charon-aid. Hence his present martial aspect, no doubt, and his advance at "double quick."

The question seems not so much to be, whether his soul is become a guiding star to his worshippers, as that they will follow in his track of fire. We are, indeed, convinced that it has already found a place in the planetary system, since it has assuredly made *one* Revolution and continues to follow the same orbit. It will hereafter have its place in every English astronomer's Horrory.

Important.

Mr. Secretary WELLES did not exclaim, "Bless me!" when he heard of the escape of the *Nashville*, as some of our contemporaries have seen fit to represent. His remark was just such a one as might have been expected from a man of his vigor. He said, "Well! I declare!"

Questions for Ship Tailors.

Assuming that ships have "waists"—as mariners say they have—should not an estimate for waist-coats be included in tenders for clothing them with iron?

What margin for extra mail coating should be allowed to ships that have "doubled the Cape?"

Is it necessary that ships constructed of live oak should be furnished with shrouds?

LETTER FROM A DESTITUTE SWELL.

VANITY FAYAW,

DEAW SAW :—I am pooaw. I do not considaw it a disgwace to be pooaw, because a fellah may be as wich as Quœsus and yet a perfect booaw, while anothaw fellah may be as pooaw as a wat and yet an Admiwable QUITON. But what would eithaw Quœsus or QUITON have been without their woast mutton and beeaw? Don't know, I'm shuaw.

Pawdon me if I intwude, but I have a pwoposal to make. Pway oblige me by pwomulgating it without chawge, as the sauce from which I once dewived my wevenue is dwied up, leaving me like a stwanded quockodile upon the shaw of some Afwican wivaw. You are awayaw that gweat numbaws of ouaw well-dwessed men are away—aw, I mean that gweat numbaws of ouaw well-dwessed men are absent with their wegiments at the awena of waw. Fwom this awises a want. The bwilliant queachaws but for whom existence would be destitute of chawm are depwived of their pwopaw pwotectaws, which thwows them into danjaw of being stwuck with and mawying some of those pwetty policemen of the Bwoadway Squad who escawt them ovaw the quossings. My ideaw is this. I would went a woom on Bwoadway—say between Spwing and Bwoome—and wig it up as an Intelligence Office for Opewaw Escawt. No vulgaw man would be wecommended as escawt: none without unlimited quedit from a quack tailaw should wope in: wustics would be excluded, and wowdies should have no place. Wefewences would have to be exchanged, so that the deaw queachaws who applied would be secuaw fwom pwoposals, and *vice versaw*, as I wemarked befoaw. Education, of cawse, would be less wequisite in those applying to be enwolled as Stipendiawy Escawts than gwaceful figgaw and whiskaws such as "ladies love to look upon ane limnaws love to paint." Pwefewence would be given to fellahs of my own feachaws and addwess, I enclose my *cawte de visite*—a sweet pickchaw.

Although the awganizing of the Opewa Escawt Bwigade would thwow gweat wesponsibility upon the owiginal of the sweet pickchaw, his chawges for personal escawt would be modewate in pwopawtion. In othaw wawds I would wegulate them accawding to the chawms of the fayaw queachaws entwusting themselves to my caw. For instance, I would chawge the sweet *blonde* five dollaws; while, as for the lovely *bwunette*—I adaw the lovely *bwunette*—half-pwice would be about the mawk. Ten dollaws for cawotty winglets, and thwee times that for *stwabismus* or quoss-eye. No applicant having quow's feet or any othaw winkles would be tweated with. Cawugations cannot be tolewated.

Mothaws may twust me, for I am not a mawying man.
Fawthaws may twust me, for I am not a dwinking man.
Bwothaws may twust me, for I am not a weckless man.
Tailaws *shall* twust me, because fellahs *must* have twowsaws and things, you know.

Should opewaw take woot in Bwooklyn—of which there is no pwesent pwospect, howevaw—I shall probably establish a bwanch there, to be taken chawge of by Wev. WAWD BEECHAW.

I have made awangements with a Pwofessaw of Micwology or Small Talk, to wead WOGET's Thesauwus and WOOSTER's Dictionawy with me thwee times a week, for the pwetty expwessions.

Twuly Youaw's,
LUBIN LAVENDAW KIDDES.

OUT IN THE COLD.

I.

Sooner or later, all rogues must get
Their rightful dues, be they ever so bold;
So FLOYD and PILLOW are both of them set
Out in the cold.

II.

We haven't forgotten these rascals yet,
How they swindled and stole the Government gold,
And we say, "I told you so," when they are set
Out in the cold.

III.

The C. S. A. is sorely in debt,
Through swindling schemes of this self-same mould,
And 'tis well for JEFF. that these fellows are set
Out in the cold.

IV.

Two carrion-buzzards caught in a net
Were they, when Donelson's battle-clouds rolled;
They ran....and now they are both of them set
Out in the cold.

V.

In spite of the rant of BARNWELL RHETT,
The C. S. A. by its leaders is sold,
Not all so easily can be set
Out in the cold.

VI.

Once, FLOYD was DAVIS's especial pet,
And PILLOW a mighty man was, of old,
Yet see how coolly they both have been set
Out in the cold!

VII.

The rest of the Generals are quite in a sweat,
Not knowing how soon their knell may be tolled,
How soon they, too, may be judged, and set
Out in the cold.

VIII.

For any one had been willing to bet
On these precious lambs being kept in the fold;
Nobody thought that they could have been set
Out in the cold.

IX.

But JEFF. has a little authority yet,
He won't have his neck too cheaply sold,
So PILLOW and FLOYD are both of them set
Out in the cold.

X.

The new day dawns, and we need not fret,
For ere its sunset's purple and gold
The Rebel rabble will all have been set
Out in the cold!

"Give a Bird a Bad Name."

"What's that other name they have for the reed bird?" asked PACHYDERM, addressing TAXIDERM—"Bobolink or something, eh?"

"Bobolitionlink," replied T., who had just kindled his pipe with a leader of the *Tribune*, and had tight boots on, besides.

THE LEGAL TENDER QUESTION.

Car Conductor.—"O MY!—IF PENNIES IS TENDER BY LAW I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S TOUGH!"

From the Rural Districts.

PISCATOR and VENATOR met near the moated grange—the latter, (V., not the m. g.) having a large fowl slung over his shoulder.

Says P., addressing him—"And what manner of fowl may that be?"

To whom, then, V.—"My friend, it is a Balled Eagle."

"Nay," rejoined P., "nary a Bald Eagle, for his head is thickly clad with feathers of a dark hue."

"But I shot him with a Ball," said V.

And a burst of eldrich laughter rang through the barbicans of the moated grange.

A Gem from "The Times."

The *Daily Times* has a correspondent who signs himself "GALWAY," and who is exercised about the ignorance of the Rebels. Here is his last and best suggestion:

"A few school-teachers to *learn* the heroes of Donelson the first principles of orthography, and a few earnest theologians would most materially increase their stock of information," etc.

We don't quite know who the school-teachers are to "learn" from, but certainly not from GALWAY.

Noble Self-Denial.

We have authority to state that Mr. HENRY JENNINGS, the well-known and urbane, besides gentlemanly and enterprising, fighting-dog proprietor and rat-exterminator of this city, has refused a splendid offer of fortune made to him by the State Legislators, who tried to secure his aid in Ratifying their Dog Tax Bill.

V. F. TO J. D.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Now JEFFERSON D., when you come to reflect
Don't it strike you that somehow you've failed to connect?
Don't it seem to you now, that events have quite changed
The appearance of things since we first were estranged?
Don't you think you cried *game* just a little too fast,
That you played a *lone* hand and got *euchred* at last?

When you first got the lead, why you made a good "Run"
And your big game of "Bluff" appeared very good fun;
Then you held all the cards, but the chance of the game
Has now turned against you J. D. What a shame!
You thought your Fort Donelson blocked our game quite,
That was then your *left bower*—but we held the *right*;
Then Columbus was sure—but the game was played out,
So you "passed" on to Nashville, we turned you about.
But to leave our simile drawn from a game,
(Though war and the cards are so nearly the same,
Since success oft in either depends upon luck
And on knowing the game,—'twas just there that you stuck,)
We would like to advise you a little, we would;
And really we mean it all for your own good.
No matter what happens you must come to grief,
For success against such odds is past all belief;
Your rope is now nearly or quite ravelled out,
Your poor deceived people are looking about
And beginning to ponder,—and when they do that,
Why into the fire goes all of your fat.
Revolutions may spring at the outset from brains,
But the passions must soon get a hold on the reins;
And unless you're successful, all histories show,
Your political cake becomes very soon dough.
Now JEFFERSON D. you may think it a joke
But the coils 'round your neck are making you choke,
Your extremities wriggle and twist somewhat still,
And your kicking and struggling may somebody kill,
But the grasp at your throat is the grasp of a vice,
And the hands of MCCLELLAN are not over nice
When they clutch at a traitor, so J. D. beware
And take the back track, while there's yet time to spare.

Your lines are surrounded, your sea-coast is ours,
You've lost all your *prestige* among foreign Powers,
The noble old eagle stands ready to spring
With his eye full of fire as he poises his wing:
Beware when he strikes, for your villainous herd
Will fly terror-stricken at sight of the bird;
Leaving you and your traitorous compeers in shame
To reap the reward of rebellion's foul fame.
Then bethink you, poor shadow of power, ere you fall
If it will not be wiser your steps to recall;
The crust of your flimsy Confederate shell
Is broken,—and heart there is none, you know well;
Then cast off disguise and repent of your sins,
For hope lives again when repentance begins;
Uncle SAM may conclude to stretch only *your* neck,
And forgive all the rest who don't sink with the wreck.

V. F. to the Secretary of the Navy.

SIR,—The American Public requests me to inform you that your infernally slow old washing-machine, the *Cambridge*, from which the pirate *Nashville* slipped away so easily at Beaufort, can no longer be considered upon the list of the Fleet.

Yours discontentedly,

Vanity Fair.

Mind the Dog!

Since a tax has been imposed by the State Legislature upon dogs, may it not be said that he who maintains animals of the kind will henceforth have to "pay dearly for his whistle?"

BOMBASTES AT THE SOUTH.

Distaffina Wise—Oh, cruel man, where are you going?
Played out I am, in spite of all our Blowing.
Bombastes Davis.—I go, I go, all comforts scorning;
Some death I'll die before the morning.
Distaffina Wise.—Heigho, heigho, sad is the warning;
Dry up old man, nor die before the morning.
Artaxominous Letcher.—Give 'm' whiskey smash, cold wa'r'r shcor'n'n
Dar'n 'f he sh'l die before er morn'n!

RAILWAY NAPPING.

None but a man whose nervous system has been abolished has ever slept soundly and refreshingly in a sleeping-car. The owners and lessees of this patented invention may puff it as they please, but the fact remains unaltered that an Erie or Central Railway sleeping-car is but a trifle better for affording comfort and rest than an aggravated case of Seventh Avenue omnibus on cobble-stoned avenues. VANITY FAIR, after varied experience in this direction, would as soon think of unrobing and retiring for the evening when jolting down to WALLACK'S or "NIBBLESES"—as some call it—in a Metropolitan stage, as to engage a hard six by two stretcher in what is literally a Sleepless Car. We travelled on a certain road, going to a certain place, a certain time since. We settled ourself to take our usual *quantum* of peaceful repose—after having our cigar and—and—smelling-bottle in the smoking-car. We hardly expected much comfort—fifty cents seldom purchases the article in its choicest form and in masses—but we did look for a show of calm. Ten minutes decided that we had hoped against hope, and lost the stakes. The lady over V. F.'s couch grew uneasy—so did her nursing infant—whom she called ABRAM MCCLELLAN PAUL HORNER—a beautiful series of valuable names. The child clearly protested against the Sleepless Car business, and performed an operatic solo of great and prolonged shrillness.

It was surmised by the fond Mrs. HORNER—we presume that HORNER was her allowance of family name—that little ABRAM MCCLELLAN PAUL required a spoonful of water. As it was clearly a difficult task for a lady, travelling under the escort of one helpless child, to clamber out of her second tier berth, it is not surprising that she should have sought to rouse the occupant of the first floor divan for the purpose of exciting his remote sympathies in behalf of the thirsting cherub beside her. So we were quite prepared for the shock when it came. Mrs. HORNER leaned over the bulwarks, and awkwardly poising a nine-shilling umbrella, inflicted a merciless punch upon the occupant of the lower locker. It will be remembered that we occupied the lower locker. No man is umbrella proof on all occasions. We replied to the signal of distress, and heard the tender appeal of the mother of the HORNER. It was answered. Quiet prevailed for full half a minute, when the presence of a band of snorers was manifested by the overture to their evening concert being performed. We listened, of course. There were eight bars or so by the whole nasal orchestra, followed by a solo from an asthmatic instrument. Then came duets, trios, quartets, and any number of ets. Some of these were very masterly efforts, and might have excited the envy of SCHREIBER, HENRY SCHMITZ, THEODORE THOMAS, APPY, or the MOLLENHAUERS, who are all good performers. The concert was varied by recitations from a couple of elderly ladies in a state of somnambulance. These declamations were very fine—especially in one instance, where SUSANNAH was implored not to make such a fool of herself—shouted in a high key, and with admirable intonation. The gifted old ladies muttered and drawled at intervals thereafter between the snoring.

The number of night mares that broke loose might have been forty-seven in circular numbers, and of these, none were to be classed as year-old colts. No sir!

Added to these attractions were those afforded by the locomotive's whistle, the banging of doors, the jolting of the train, the deluge of rain without, the loud conversation of the passing winds, the smoke of a wood fire, the utter absence of sweetscented, pure air, the glare of lamps, and the monotonous dialogue of two young attendants, whose business it was to notify way passengers when they had reached their respective destinations. An old gentleman and his wife took umbrage at the negligence of these Rousers for calling them at Pikeville, when they desired to alight at Pumpkin City, ninety miles from the former metropolis, and which had been passed three hours and a half before. Words were passed as a consequence between them, and a dialogue of unusual sprightliness was furnished.

Then came between times the enticing doze, cherished by the even-timed rattle of the wheels—and we should have certainly fallen asleep had not something occurred each time to prevent us. Sometimes we felt as if we were rushing madly down a bottomless pit, amid the shrieks of the imprisoned and tortured—at others the motion was like flying through space in a runaway balloon. Then we fell off the mast of a vessel, and Mrs. HORNER fell at the same instant off from a church steeple onto a place where there were few or no carpets, and it looked as though she had probably hurt her head. Then we were careering on top of a sperm whale, who dived under icebergs and said he had an appointment to take tea at the North Pole at six o'clock, and it was supposed to be five o'clock with a thousand miles to go. Then we found ourselves suddenly put back with old NOAH in the Ark, and heard the lowing of cattle, the grunting of swine, the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, and the tongues of the Misses NOAH and the pair of pet parrots. These sensations lasted like codfish on the table of a Clinton Place boarding-house, and were just as refreshing.

At the end of the trip we experienced all the sweetness of feeling that is supposed to belong to a man just emerging from an attack of *delirium tremens*. To be buried in Greenwood alive would be bad—but, owing to the pervading quiet, vastly preferable to such a night-ride as ours.

Tenement house arrangements may be objectionable, but those of sleeping-cars are furnished with original and choicer horrors. A traveller might better tie himself to a mad dog's tail and start for Salt Lake City, than to risk his health and sanity by buying fifty cents worth of refined nightmare as supplied on our railways.

EARL RUSSELL ON THE BLOCKADE.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER: HOUSE OF LORDS.

The question of the American Blockade now came in order.

Earl RUSSELL said: It is quite evident from the documents now in our possession that the American blockade is as effective as any blockade has been in former times. This fact has come very clearly to light since the fall of Fort Donelson. If it had not, or if the recent federal victories were not so brilliant and numerous, I think we should have been obliged to break the blockade even at the cost of a rupture of the friendly relations of the two countries. This would have been contrary to the policy we profess, it is true, but it would have been quite safe and we should have done it. (Hear, hear.) It doesn't look so safe now and we shan't do it. I do trust that within three months—perhaps even sooner—we may see the close of this civil war in America. We don't care a straw about America itself and as a nation, but this war damages our trade and we want it stopped on that account. (Hear, hear.) It will of course be impossible for the North and the South ever to come together again in peace; and I trust that, however complete the subjugation of the South may be, the North will at last consent to a peaceable separation. A peaceable separation is all that the South wants, and as the South supplies us with cotton, we think it ought to have it. We should have been justly indignant, of course, if the United States Government had advanced any such views of neutrality at the time of our Canada rebellion, but that is a different thing. The policy of England, being founded solely on self-interest, changes ever with circumstances. (Hear, hear.) In conclusion I would urge that we do nothing to aggravate the North. There can be no doubt, now, that the North is the stronger of the two sections.

The noble Lord here took his seat, and after further debate the motion to raise the blockade was voted down.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Train's Union Speeches.
New York: FREDERIC A. BRADY.

These speeches of the go-head representative of Young America, by whom horse-railways and other smart Yankee notions have been introduced into England, were delivered by him to JOHN BULL in the aggregate, without fear or favor. They have been republished in their present form with a view to aid the establishment of Mr. JOHN ADAMS KNIGHT'S journal, the "London American," a journal as necessary as the ante-prandial cocktail to the comfort of the American in London.

The Rebellion Record: Monthly Edition: Part XIV. New York: G. P. PUTNAM.

This number of the "Rebellion Record" is embellished with excellent portraits of Major General HALLECK and the late Major THEODORE WINTHROP. In these days of hardware jewelry, it is graceful and appropriate of Mr. PUTNAM to fortify his "Record" with steel plates.

Con; for Young Geographers.

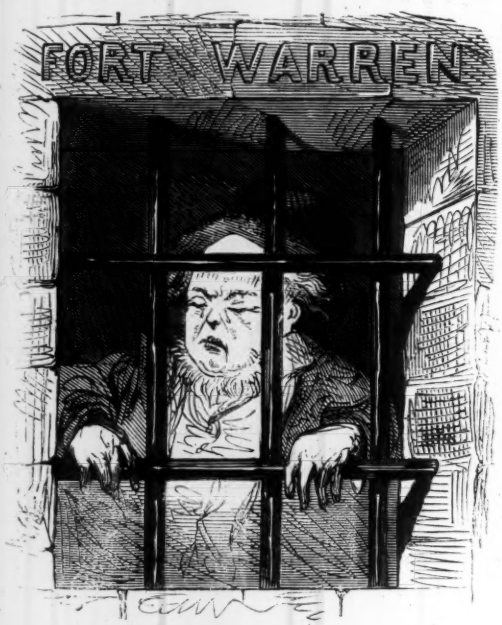
Q.—Why is the *Monitor* like a man who is going by water from Lowell to Newburyport?

A.—Because she will probably Run Down the Merrimac.

Personal.

We are requested to state that Mr. MORGAN, the $70,000 man, is in perfect health. This entirely disproves the scandalous story, set on foot by his enemies, intimating that he is troubled with inverted bunions.

XUM



A PROSPECTIVE PROSPECT.

H. G.—"If there's any gratitude in free niggers, now, they'll insurrect and take me out!"

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

Quite a flutter has been created among the Paris-ites of the *salons* of the French Metropolis by a novel head-dress introduced by the Empress Eugenie. It is a crown formed by globules of glass illuminated by electric light, and set with brilliants. It emits such an effulgence, we are told, as to light up a dark room.

Fashion is constantly adding new lustre to the adornments of modern society. It once made taper waists the *ne plus ultra* of elegance, and now it bestows upon its devotees *coiffures en chandelier*. Henceforth every lady of the *beau monde* will be her own Fresnel. Those who have heretofore considered it no compliment to be called giddy, will now deem it a credit rather than a reproach to be esteemed light-headed. Such changes does Fashion work in a single day! Flitting, flashing, mingling in the mazes of the dance, the fair sex will excite the envy of "lightning-bugs" and eclipse the splendor of the fire-flies of Cuba. Apart from the economical substitute for gas with which this new light of the countenance will supply the drawing-room and *coterie*, it offers more substantial benefits. Not only will it enhance the belle's own beauty, but its magnetic influence will kindle love and inflame the heart; and if, when weeping in the sorrow of disappointed love, this light shall chance to gleam upon the falling tear-drops, it will create before her eyes a Beau of promise. Yet it may happen that, in consequence of this electric light constantly throwing off the "sparks," she cannot succeed in even lighting up a match. A coquette's heart of steel might thus become a Leyden jar. One other disadvantage may the adoption of this new innovation bring with it. Suspecting men may imagine it a sort of Jack-o'-lantern, to lure them into pitfalls and the miasmatic marshes of matrimony—in which event "the game would not be worth the candle," nor the candle "worth a rush."

But we are disposed to look upon this dazzling *coiffure* in its most favorable light. We would see revived the beautiful custom of the ancient Greeks, who, when lamps were brought at evening, were accustomed to salute them with the words: "Welcome, friendly light!" So would we hail these electric lights with a blessing—salute them with a kiss, if might be—and welcome them to cheer the gloomy soul of man. And if it be true that the *Aurora Borealis* is but the scintillation of electric light, we shall hereafter ever seek among the lambent flames of the Northern sky for the fairy forms beneath its coronal, and render our humble thanks to the Empress Eugenie for this undreamed of pleasure.

SUPPRESSION OF TELEGRAPHIC DESPATCHES TO VANITY FAIR.

Talk about Russia! Talk about Parisian Censorship of the Press! Talk about Austrian Despotism!

It is our solemn duty to announce with tears in our eyes, and a pen in our trembling fingers, that the Freedom of the American Press is gone forever!—if not for even a longer period of time.

This includes Vanity Fair and the *World*.

By the report of the Investigating Committee, it appears that the following despatches to Vanity Fair were suppressed with a frigidly sanguinary remorselessness by the Government Censor in Washington.

1. January 1, 1862. Private Stubbs, of the 28th Regiment N. Y. M., this day received a severe wigging from his drill-sergeant for chewing fine-cut on parade. A revolt of the regiment is not anticipated.

2. January 6, 1862. Lacerating rumors involving connection with the highest kind of authority in the matter of pork contracts which were in circulation about nine weeks ago, have now altogether subsided; fresh ones, involving beef, having taken their places. More anon. Saddles are not mentioned.

3. January 13th, 1862. Jones will not have it unless S—th caves in; in which case look out for ———.

4. January 20th, 1862. Russell—*Times*—Trent—Lord Palmerston—Gregory—Seward. 1. 2. 3. O. R.

5. January 27th, 1862. Buy short. Seward is shaky. Wide awake!

6. February 9th, 1862. Send on the breeches!

All these most important despatches, we say, were suppressed by the Censorious Gentleman who castigates the Washington Wires. If the thing is to go on, we can't. We are off for Russia at once.

A SOUTHERN BARCAROLLE.

It appears that the Rebels are not satisfied with the flag which they originally chose as the emblem of the Southern Confederacy, but propose to substitute another. The reason is obvious. When they refused to longer "march to the music of the Union," having always "an eye to the main chants," they chose a composition of their own in quick time, which they designated the "Stars and Bars." This standard piece was for a long time thereafter the occasion to them of much Flag-elation; but they have discovered that there were too many Beats to a Measure, and hence their desire for a change.

The Charleston *Mercury* suggests a design in black and white, the chief merit of which it says, is that it "can be seen at a great distance." This is certainly a great desideratum, but hardly an improvement upon their present flag, which has almost invariably been visible afar off. As to the colors substituted, (if black and white can be called colors,) we apprehend that while their red, white and blue have ever proved Fast colors, these will run altogether. However, they themselves claim to have no fear of the Blacks, whatever they may think of the Whites.

A Question of Time.

"So then, the hours of this Southern Confederacy are numbered!" said the Younger, in a soft but solemn tone, as if to himself.

"Ha! says't thou?" cried the Elder, startled out of his listlessness, and observing the eyes of his companion still fixedly bent on the *Herald's* last map,—"their hours numbered, say'st thou? how? how, I pray thee?"

The Younger took his eyes from the map, and throwing them softly upon the excited veteran, replied; "Truly sir, they are numbered—from one to twelve, inclusively, there being sixty min——"

There was a sudden silence, during which the footstool of the Elder followed the last speaker to the door of the apartment but was unable to overtake him.

Color Blind.

Jenks respectfully suggests to Senator Sumner, that his zeal for the "oppressed race" has blinded him to the fact that, in his motion with regard to the carrying of postal matter by colored persons, he is really recommending a revival of the "black mail" system.

Music on the Triangle!

"German Poetry is a problem," said the Poet.

"Yes," replied X., "it may be considered rather in the line of a Lager-rhythm."

A BLAST FROM THE GOLDEN HORN.

VERYTHING is looking bully. Bishmillah! be thankful for that same.

The bul bul appears in her new spring bonnet, and the sweet-voiced muezzin upon the housetop sings High Cockalorum and Pop goes the weazel.

Borne upon the bezoar-perfumed simoom, the warbling of the golden-crested darbouka comes thrilling from amid the branches of the lotus-tree, while the fair yataghan joins hands in the dance with the courtly lentsk, to the music of the loubane.

The goula drinks large draughts of aerated sherbet and old Bourbon from a silver-rimmed fedjir, while a narghileh in livery stands by with a golden djembie containing a bottle of fine old crusty Ottoman Port.

Everything out of doors presents a remarkably luscious appearance, owing to the circumstance that it has been raining golden grass-hoppers for about thirteen hours.

The oranges upon the street-corner fruit stands mingle their fragrance with that of the fresh dates upon the newspaper-office bulletin-boards, 'round which crowd numbers of respectably-dressed hadjis, with embroidered caftans upon their small and elegantly formed feet.

These are the newsboys; and one of them, addressing us, cries, "An maboul! blow my eyes! 'eres a chance for old GREELEY, now, to get the black out of his pores!"

Acting "as if we had heard very good news," we snatched an *Evening Post* from the feculent urchin. It was chiefly occupied with one advertisement, which we endeavor to condense as follows:—

Sidi OSCANYAN sat in Stamboul upon his chibouk, smoking a flexible-stemed divan filled with aromatic pot-herbs. The tranquility of mind obtained by this process induced him to contemplate carefully an American gentleman, who was doing exactly the same thing at a little distance, with the adaptability to circumstances characteristic of his race.

"Be shemeth!" cried Sidi OSCANYAN, be shemeth!—throw bitumen upon my beard and set a match to it, if these Americans are not a queer set of fellows. I'll bet a rack of lupees not one of 'em ever had a Turkish bath! We must undertake to clean their cuticles for them thoroughly by contract.

That day fortnight Sidi OSCANYAN arrived in New York.

It was on this account that the bul-bul, etcetera, etcetera, as mentioned in previous paragraphs, "acted as if they had heard very good news," and things in general assumed an oriental flavor.

And well they might. For Sidi OSCANYAN is building a Turkish Bath, and ere long will his nimble-fingered *tellaks* be ready to shampoo the dreggy hides of the rank and fashion of New York.

Bishmillah!—Let us us be thankful for that same.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MC ARONE.

NEUSE RIVER, March 27.

DEAR VANITY:—Notwithstanding the quietude and obscurity of my sojourn on the rural shores of this beautiful river, it stands to reason that I can easily keep the run of the Neuse....

This is not a joke.

Have you wearied of Newbern?

I can give you some right stirring histories of the combat there....

As heretofore, the finest deeds of daring and the noblest self-abnegation were exhibited by myself....

It is a way I have.

It is useless for me to describe the fight "synthetically" as EDMUND CLARENCE would say. The common newspaper men have done that.

But to relate episodes and incidents of my prowess....what pen so able as mine, to record deeds which I alone may dare?

Selah!

It was a bully muss, that at Newbern. The back-bone of Rebellion is broken in North Carolina. The troops....our troops ....fought like heroes. Particularly me.

Let me give an anecdote.

At a moment of indecision, when it required but another volley to repulse the Federals from before a battery on the right, or a vigorous example to encourage them to charge and take the battery, an officer of high position and undaunted bravery resolved to sacrifice himself, if necessary, in order to set the soldiers an example.

He seized the opportunity when a heavy shell was about to be fired from a mortar of one of the Rhode Island batteries, and seated himself astride of the muzzle. These large shells move very slowly. As the ponderous projectile exuded from the enormous engine, the officer clasped his knees around it, and with his sword in one hand and revolver in the other, sailed, triumphant and transfigured, over into the midst of the enemy, cheering and swearing alternately.

The effect was magical.

The shell struck among a cavalry company. The gallant officer assailed a hundred foes, and in a moment had surrounded himself with such a barricade of dead horses and riders that the explosion of the missile harmed him not.

The troops who witnessed this feat were at once ablaze with enthusiasm. They charged like devils, and captured the Rebel works at the point of death:

Do you see the Point?

The officer who did this should be rewarded by a nation's gratitude. He deserves all praise and glory, and ought to receive the highest position in the gift of the American people....

Personal modesty alone prevents me from mentioning his name.

When the Rebels retreated, they not only fired their cannon, but the city and railroad-bridge also. They tried to destroy Newbern, but the attempt fell through. They then consumed the bridge, and that fell through. This bridge was spiled.

One of my staff-officers, a young lieutenant of Light Quadroons, was led by his impetuosity into the enemy's stronghold, and found himself surrounded by a regiment of Mississippi Ripsnorters. I immediately rode forward, under a perfect storm of shot and shell, and raising myself in my stirrups, made faces at the foe. Terrified, they dropped their arms and fled. The lieutenant and I returned uninjured, laden with scalps and trophies.

I captured several handsome flags. One is a large silk banner, with the following characteristic inscription, in white letters, on a white ground:

"STRIKE FOR SOUTHERN WRIGHTS & OLMITEY TRUTH."

Another, which I took with my own hands, after wringing the color-sergeant's neck, is the guidon of a company called Colonel APPEL's Sharp-shooters. It bears this inscription, which has a pomological air:

"APPELS.
"SOUND IN THE CORES."

"Cause," is doubtless the word intended; but I observe that Southern orthography is peculiar.

One troop of Rebel horse is reported to have carried a black color, but I think this is an error. At least, I saw but one cavalry-regiment, and they were horse of another color.

After the battle, I took up my quarters in a farmhouse on the bank of the Neuse, whence I now write. What I need, is rest and recreation....

There are three pretty girls here....

I am in no hurry to move before the first of May.

I have sent on my army, however, toward Richmond.

LATER.—*Richmond is Ours!*

STILL LATER.—Richmond is not yet ours, but will be, as soon as we take it.

The father and brothers of the three pretty girls have come home. They are soldiers. I shall not stay here much longer.

MCARONE.